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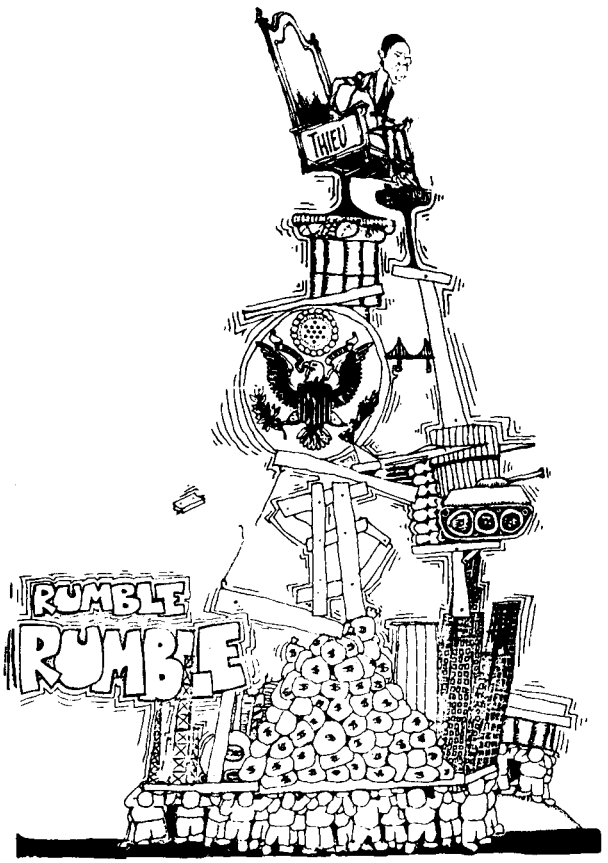
Fiftieth Anniversary Year



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CATHOLICS IN SOUTH VIETNAM

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MICHAEL NOVAK FOOTBALL FOR FEMINISTS
JIM CASTELLI BURYING THE N.A.L.
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PETER HEBBLETHWAITE RELAXING WITH RAHNER
JOHN C. CORT LABOR'S LOVE LOST
JORDAN BISHOP BELIEVING IN HOPE
ROBERT PHILLIPS GRACE PALEY & WILLIAM GOYEN

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NEWS & VIEWS

Image Books at 20

Doubleday marked the 20th anniversary of its Image Books series the other day in the Library Room of the St. Regis Hotel, and guests heard from John J. Delaney a more optimistic report on the state of religious book publishing than most present would have been prepared to offer themselves—or guess, in the instance of non-editors.

Delaney, editorial director in charge of the Catholic Department at Doubleday, sees a strong revival of interest in things spiritual. "Increasingly, people are turning to books that through the centuries have stood out as exemplars of the great Christian tradition."

He cited St. John of the Cross' *Dark Night of the Soul, Ascent of Mt. Carmel* and *Living Flame of Love*; Teresa of Avila's *Interior Castle*; Francis de Sales' *Introduction to the Devout Life*, all on the Image Books' list. Noted, too, was new interest in Chesterton, three of whose books (*Orthodoxy, St. Thomas Aquinas* and *Everlasting Man*) have been reissued in recent months.

Delaney reported favorable readership receptions to modern writers, such as Eugene Kennedy, Andrew Greeley, Martin Marty, John A. Hardon and Phyllis McGinley, whose *Saint Watching* recently appeared in the Image series. But his keenest enthusiasm was reserved for Merton. "There is a tremendous interest in the writings of Thomas Merton," he commented, "so much so that it begins to appear that a Merton cult is forming. Certainly from the viewpoint of Image Books at least, the most significant spiritual writer of our times seems to be Thomas Merton."

Image Books was conceived by Delaney as a paperback vehicle which would make available at economical cost "well-written books for every intellectual need in the Catholic field." Over 20 years, 344 titles have been published, more than 185 million copies sold. Some 149 titles are now in print.

The best-selling multi-volumed work has been Frederick Copleston's *The History of Philosophy*, with 1,250,000 copies sold.

Image's ten single-volume best sellers: *The New Testament of the Jerusalem Bible* (660,000); *Parents, Children and the Facts of Life*, by Henry V. Sattler, CSSR (527,000); *Mr. Blue*, by Myles Connolly (461,000); *Story of the Trapp Family Singers*, by Maria Augusta Trapp (349,000); *Popular History of the Catholic Church*, by Philip Hughes (334,000); *Damien the Leper*, by John Farrow (321,000); *Cana Is Forever*, by Charles Hugo Doyle (307,000); *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis (230,000); *Our Lady of Fatima*, by William Thomas Walsh (222,000), and *The Spirit of Catholicism*, by Karl Adam (201,000).

Rocky Road

He's not even confirmed (in fact, may never be), and already Nelson Rockefeller is forced to go the routes of LBJ and RMN in their political declines, and duck the public.

Recently, in New York, Rockefeller was scheduled to address a forum at the Cooper Union, a New York art school. He canceled at the last minute, sending in his place John H. Knowles, president of the Rockefeller Foundation.

How come? He received word of "unfriendlies."

Outside the hall, about 500 demonstrators picketed, carrying signs blaming Rockefeller for the 43 deaths resulting from the 1971 massacre at Attica prison. Inside, about 100 demonstrators disrupted Knowles' speech for more than an hour.

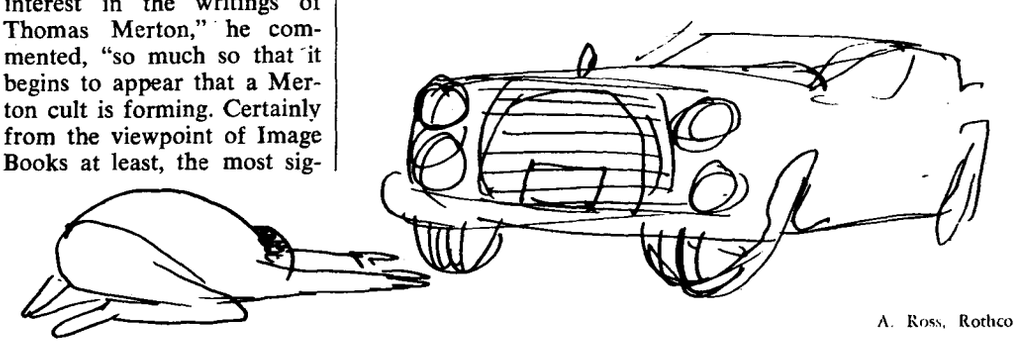
Later, about 200 demonstrators marched on a nearby branch of the Rockefeller-controlled Chase Manhattan Bank, of which Nelson's brother David is chairman. Windows and a glass door were broken. There were no injuries or arrests reported.

Those S.O.B.'s

Moved by the revelation of Presidential adviser Alan Greenspan that Wall Street brokers have suffered more from current economic conditions than poor people, a group in Portland, Oregon, is organizing a campaign bannered SAVE OUR BROKERS.

S.O.B. apologizes for having been so preoccupied with its own foreclosures and bankruptcies that it failed to take notice of the reduced incomes and profits of the Wall Street brokers. It hopes how to make amends.

S.O.B. envisions "emergency relief for the victims on Wall Street through Share Packages." It urges "all Americans" to join in this humanitarian enterprise and send Share Packages to the New York Stock Exchange, New York City, 10005. "Every type of relief is needed," says S.O.B.'s appeal, "but there is a particularly desperate — and unusual — shortage of towels."



A. Ross, Rothco

Cheer-Leader Julie

Julie Nixon Eisenhower's proposal about her father's future merited note to the extent accorded by the *New York Times*; no more. The *Times* carried a three-sentence editorial:

"Julie Nixon Eisenhower would like to see her father serve the nation as a roving ambassador. If he is well enough to rove, the place to start will be a trip to Washington to testify in the Watergate cover-up trial. His 'gift for communication,' as his daughter describes it, can most usefully be applied there."

Senatorial Pirating

The *New York Times* gleefully seized on the discovery that the major floor speech delivered last June 21 by Senator James S. Abourezk was lifted almost verbatim from the Sept. 18, 1970 *Commonweal*. The speech dealt with the use of foreign-aid funds for police training in other countries, a practice Abourezk opposes.

The *Times* said that Abourezk was "understandably embarrassed" by the discovery. Abourezk, of course, blamed an aide, whom, he says, he "strongly reprimanded." "I had no idea that it was taken verbatim from the article," he commented. "It's not my style to lift stuff verbatim from someone else's work."

The article in question was Michael T. Klare's "Policing the Empire," a piece which examined the export-import trade in law and order.

The editors of *Commonweal* don't cotton to plagiarism. But if something was going to be plagiarized, Mike Klare's article, given the circumstances, was fine, thank you.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Nominal Christians

Bronx, N.Y.

To the Editors: The trouble with Mr. Waagenaar [*The Pope's Jews*, book review, Aug. 23] is the same trouble that drove Hitler to seek out scapegoats for Germany's problems. The Catholic Church could not prevent the systematic slaughter of Catholics in Eastern Europe, let alone the slaughter of other groups. There is no such thing as a "pious but anti-Semitic Christian"; there are Christians and nominal Christians. The Christian accepts Christ in his heart and then grapples with his human faults. Why doesn't Mr. Waagenaar try to do likewise?

M. NACHAY

The New Nuns

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Sorry, Ms. Carlan—you really misread us ["The New Nuns," Sept. 27]. There's danger in bringing one's own agenda to someone else's convention and then making all judgments out of that narrowed focus. It was obvious to most observers that NAWR members are much more committed to and serious about our broad Ministry for Justice than about an all-out assault on the woman question.

As for our being confused and pettily concerned about our image and identity —we're much too busy. Some people tell us we'd be more effective if we paid attention to said image, so we set up a communications task force, in the light of the U.S. Bishops' actions with regard to evangelization and communications. Big deal! And that vitiates four days of serious, tough-minded work?

Maybe you've expected too much of us. We're not superwomen or supernuns. But we've got our heads on straight. We've set our priorities. We're moving into the year with well-thought-out plans of action, appropriate to our regions and dioceses, in such areas as education, prison ministry, health care delivery, pastoral ministry, and religious

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WOMEN PRIESTS

In last week's decision to endorse in principle, by an almost three to one majority, the ordination of women, the Episcopal House of Bishops has moved to resolve at least partially an important controversy within its own community. At the same time, the Episcopal bishops may well have brought to a turning point an ecumenical cause whose time is long overdue and given the Catholic Church an example of a sister Church realistically facing an issue which in the Catholic community has been smothered by a conspiracy of silence.

The 220-member House of Bishops is the same body that declared the July 1974 ordination of eleven women in Philadelphia invalid on the grounds that the four defiant ordaining bishops lacked jurisdiction, since the ordinations were authorized by neither the bishops nor the people of a diocesan community. Now, this latest declaration sets the tone for the September 1976 Minneapolis General Convention of the Episcopal Church—a meeting of the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies of over 900 priests and laymen—when the policy against women's ordinations will very likely change.

Roman Catholics can start getting used to the fact that in its sister Church, whose doctrine and liturgy are barely distinguishable from their own and where some Catholics already feel free to worship and receive communion, women will soon utter the words of consecration and be accepted by the people. Then Catholics will look at their own congregations with embarrassment, all the more conscious of how their own tradition has deprived women of the dignity that is theirs by denying them full and equal participation in the sacramental life of the church.

It will not do to say, as apologists always have, that the Catholic teaching on marriage pays tribute to the woman's dignity, or that devotion to women saints—mostly "virgins" and founders of religious orders—and the cult of the Blessed Virgin Mary are meant to give women a sense of fulfillment in the Church. Seen in perspective, all this looks like tokenism when, simply because of their sex, women have not been allowed to perform those sacred mysteries at the heart of the spiritual life.

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Let us say it bluntly: the overwhelming male domination of the Roman Catholic Church is a scandal. It inflicts injustice on at least half the Church's members and weakens the Church's credibility as a sign of God's loving presence on the world. It has deprived the Church's social and cultural life of the richness and variety that mark the human community at large. It has perpetuated a long-discredited anthropology that sees women as imperfect human beings and necessarily subservient to men. Furthermore, male control of Roman congregations, ecumenical councils, synods, dogmatic and moral theology, public worship and most of religious education has put the government of the Church in the hands of a closed power group understandably interested in perpetuating its own control. At the highest level the bureaucracy is not only male but celibate and elderly and inevitably limited in its view of reality. Thus, *Humanae Vitae* and an intellectually vulnerable sexual morality which, however rational and sublime in intent, in its implementation has often wedded sexuality to fear and guilt.

There is only one argument for the exclusively male priesthood, one not easily dismissed: tradition. A unique world-wide subculture like the Church, that draws so much of its strength from shared values and historical continuity, should not toy lightly with its most powerful symbols. One of these is the priest as "father," the male in the collar, turtle-neck or sport shirt, who, partly through his masculinity, brings comfort, reassurance, authority, or judgment. He is the "president of the assembly" who stands at the altar in the place of Jesus to re-enact for today the Passover and the Last Supper meal. A good many Christians—both Episcopalian and Catholic—will be slow to accept a woman as an authority figure or in the cultic role.

But it could also be argued that the male priest's popuar image, with his celibacy and liturgical garb, is not so much masculine as neutral, and that the transition from priest to priestess in the popular imagination might not be as difficult as male priests might like to believe. The important point is that the values underlying the symbols of any culture can change: one of the profoundest changes in our society has been in its understanding of the woman's role; today both men and women are expected to lead and serve.

There seem to be no convincing theological or logical reasons for denying women ordination when they are called to and qualify for the priesthood. To say, as one opponent has, that Jesus chose no women disciples makes as much sense as to say he chose no blacks or Irish. We concede that the introduction of women priests would radically realign the present social organization of the Church and disrupt the clerical class system, and that this issue is tied to a whole string of other economic and religious issues: married clergy, the diaconate, finances, parish organization, whether the priesthood should be a part-time occupation, seminary education, the role of the community in selecting candidates, and the future of the religious orders. If these issues are connected, they might as well be faced. We would particularly look forward to an end of the old seminary system and its replacement with a process that would allow men and women of any age to take their dogmatic, moral and pastoral theology at a Catholic university, even while continuing in their regular jobs, and then present themselves for ordination to a bishop and his council.

In *Pacem in Terris* Pope John XXIII wrote: "Since women are becoming ever more conscious of their human dignity, they will not tolerate being treated as mere material instruments, but demand rights befitting a human person, both in domestic and in public life." If one of these rights is access to the priesthood, there are a number of things concerned Catholics, together with their Protestant brothers and sisters, should do. They should begin raising the issue publicly with more force. Parish councils, diocesan clergy and religious congregations should put the question on their agenda for their meetings and general chapters, and ask the National Conference of Catholic Bishops to take it up in the spring.

Finally, it may be that there is not yet a consensus in favor of women priests within the Church; if not, the issue will die quietly—but at least it will have been faced. If within a very few years a consensus emerges, if it becomes clear that a good cross-section of the Catholic people believe women should be ordained, and Rome either says "never" or makes it clear that justice will be too long delayed, some Catholic bishops may well follow the example of their Episcopalian brothers in Philadelphia, raise the issue in the most decisive way possible, and validly ordain a group of women themselves. If so, they will know that they have the support of their communities, and that they have done what had to be done to end this unjust discrimination in the community that claims to be the Church of Christ.

COMING

50th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Combining the November 8 and 15 issues of the magazine and taking the form of Commonweal Paper 5, the next *Commonweal* will be an extra-page issue devoted entirely to the subject, FAITH: THE STRUGGLE TO BELIEVE. The writers will include David S. Toolan, Peter Hebblethwaite, Richard P. McBrien, Joseph A. Fitzmyer, Daniel C. Maguire, Peter J. Henriot, Gregory Baum, Claire Hahn, Bernard Cooke.

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Burying the National Association of Laity

In June, 1973, I went to Philadelphia for the seventh annual convention of the National Association of Laity (NAL) expecting to write the reform organization's obituary. The group's inflated membership claims were still small, and it had produced no reports or critiques in the past year; its most news-making event was a statement from its women's rights task force lavishly praising the Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion.

But Philadelphia surprised me. The attendance, more than 200 people, was higher than the year before, and many seemed to be people who were just beginning to have their consciousnesses raised about injustices and problems within the church—some even wanted to talk about birth control. They were, it seemed, where NAL people had been five or more years before. There was talk of rejuvenating old affiliates and forming new ones and assurances that important reports on church finances and other issues were nearing completion.

So I didn't write the obituary. But I should have. In the following year, the NAL existed only as occasional press releases sent from its new president, Joe Skehan. The eighth annual convention, held in Washington, D.C., Oct. 11-13, drew just 50 people. The number of active local affiliates was listed as one, New Jersey. There were NAL people out there, Skehan said, but no local leadership. Skehan claimed 5,000 members, one thousand more than the group claimed all year. Another estimate was 2,500.

The atmosphere was that of a dying organization. Attendance was too small to break up into separate rooms for panels, so all panels were held consecutively in the same room, with almost no time for dialogue.

Several workshops on black Catholics had been scheduled in an attempt to draw large numbers of Washington's black Catholic population. Only a handful attended, and they were preaching to the converted. The final irony may have been comments from a Washington black: "They say niggers aren't ready. Well, white people aren't either. If revolution comes from this group, it's not going to come on time."

Leo Jordan, an NAL veteran and legal counsel to the organization, introduced a resolution to disband. He said he wanted to introduce the resolution for discussion purposes the year before, but was talked out of it. He made up his mind to introduce it this year, he said, after a mailing to promote the convention went to 8,000 people and drew 12 responses.

The resolution was soundly defeated by a voice vote—of 25 people.

Some changes were made at the convention; an announced shift in emphasis to at-large members who were there even after local organization had faded. But it was still time to bring out the shovels and play taps.

The sad thing is that it doesn't have to be that way. During its last two years the NAL discussed several options for a new direction. It moved toward none of them but any one might be viable, and all might be viable for others.

The NAL was offered three basic models, what might be called the Yorke, Dozier and Bianchi models:

The Yorke model: This was basically the model of the role NAL played for several years—the shock troops, the gadfly. It took a critical look at church stands on issues such as Catholic schools, abortion and war and provided a voice of dissent within the church. It did research and made studies, particularly in the critical areas of schools and diocesan financial practices. These reports were cursed, attacked and, in the final analysis, listened to by church officials. There's still a need for a Ralph Nader type organization to keep the church on its toes.

The Dozier model: The 1973 Philadelphia NAL meeting marked a first—the convention was addressed by a bishop, Carroll T. Dozier of Memphis, who had been personally invited by Yorke.

Dozier called on the NAL to come back into the parishes to help progressive bishops like himself to implement Vatican II reforms over the objections of conservatives. He virtually pleaded for help, but was rebuffed by people who had apparently been hurt so badly in parish disputes or who were so uninterested, that they wouldn't consider going back. There is no organized group of liberals battling it out in the parishes, and no doubt that one is needed.

The Bianchi model: The same meeting that Dozier addressed was also addressed by Eugene Bianchi, former Jesuit and former president of the Society of Priests for a Free Ministry, basically an organization of married priests and their sympathizers. Bianchi urged the NAL to drop the church altogether and form a network of new alternative communities, including everything from groups of four—two couples—to larger commune-type arrangements. The SPFM changed its name to the Fellowship of Christian Ministries and attempted such a network. But there's still a big difference between more or less liberal middle-class liturgical communities—of which there seem to be a number—and communities of whatever size dominated by former priests. In any event, the role of coordinator of a network of Christian communities may still be a viable one.

The answer may be simply that the NAL, like the institutional church, couldn't handle pluralism. Its people went in different directions, wanted different things, and the organization couldn't move quickly enough to keep up and present alternatives. It's become a cliché within

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the NAL that "NAL people have moved on to other things and don't need the church anymore," but that doesn't tell the whole story.

The NAL was killed by a lack of imagination and the same problems that face the institutional church. "NAL people" weren't any more successful in talking to non-NAL people than the princes of the church have been.

Until the end the NAL remained an elite of 1960s liberals disaffected with their church. The walking death of the NAL, though far from a good sign, doesn't mark the end of lay reform in the church. It marks the end of a certain style of reform from a very particular group of people. If 12,000 people—the peak NAL membership—couldn't remake the church, 25 people meeting in a small Washington hotel can't sound its death knell.

There are still a lot of Catholic progressives and people who can be progressives with a little education. The American hierarchy itself has shown some very healthy trends. The task is to get them together and get moving. It may have been unfair to expect the NAL to shoulder the burden. The burden, though, is no longer theirs—it floats around looking for a shoulder to light on—a shoulder or shoulders that can organize different people on different issues and then help them relate to one another.

JIM CASTELLI

(Jim Castelli, formerly with the National Catholic Reporter, *is now on the staff of NC News Service.)*

WASHINGTON REPORT

HI'YA, FELLA, YOURSELF

"I never found it a handicap to be a Rockefeller"
—Nelson R

Nelson Rockefeller may be the softest touch since Shaw's Sir Andrew Undershaft. Individual gifts to his associates total far more than many Americans earn in a working life-time. At last count, Rockefeller has acknowledged disbursing an estimated $2-million to approximately 20 workers in his political vineyard. Welfare mothers, whom Rockefeller, as Governor of New York State, scolded during non-election years, must have taken a special interest in the list of Who's-Who on the Dole.

At this writing, the brass, more aptly, the gold ring goes to William Ronan, chairman of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, who accepted a gift of a sum of upwards of $550,000 originally given as a loan. Henry Kissinger, whose halo is turning into a marshmallow anyway, received $50,000 just before he joined the Nixon Administration as its foreign-affairs sharpshooter. (Calm down, Henry, you've got more degrees). Others who received Rockefeller pin money over the years included Edward Logue, President of the State Urban Development Corporation, and L. Judson Morhouse, once State Republican Party Chairman and later convicted of bribery and pardoned by Nelson. Another recipient included a syndicated columnist, who years ago borrowed money to buy a newspaper—lending further substance to observations set down in the last of these columns from Washington that the Augean stables of politics are not the only ones in need of cleansing these days.

Except for those adhering to another system of political economy, the problem for most Americans is not so much the immensity of the Rockefeller wealth—all's fair in love and war under capitalism's ground-rules—than it is the disposition of the money.

This problem is aggravated in this situation by the stated attitudes of both the donor and recipients. Vice President-designate Rockefeller professes to comprehend no problem with such lavish disbursements of his monies to associates. After all, as his Press Secretary told reporters, Nelson paid the required gift taxes, didn't he? Correspondingly, Ronan, for example, professes to see no conflict-of-interest in accepting half-a-million dollars or more from the Governor of a State for whom he worked, but presumably was to work in a public-interest capacity beyond that of the political well-being of his boss. Will Rockefeller, as Vice President, continue his profligacy by paying President Ford's family medical bills? Does it then become the Rockeford Administration? Since neither Ford nor Rockefeller, assuming his confirmation, was elected to his position as President or Vice President respectively—a unique situation in our history—the possibility of continued muddled responsibility at the highest levels of government is a dismaying one in the era of Watergate(s).

Rockefeller's is an inverse way of laundering money. Most politicians get in trouble for taking; Rockefeller may be the first to get in trouble for giving.

His nomination to be Vice President started smoothly enough. He waltzed through his confirmation hearing last month before the Senate Rules Committee. Only Senator Robert Byrd, born into poverty as miserable as Rockefeller's wealth was opulent, asked persistent questions in contrast to the awe-struck, deferential questioning of the other members of the Committee. Then, in early October, flowed the "leaks" from the direction of the House Judiciary Committee on the subject of Rockefeller's largesse.

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Then, in mid-October, it was disclosed, as a result of the customary FBI investigation into his nomination, that brother Laurance had invested approximately $60,000 in publication of a clap-trap, derogatory campaign biography of Arthur Goldberg, the Democratic nominee contesting Nelson's re-election in 1970. The book, written by a right-wing pamphleteer, Victor Lasky, was unnecessary as a matter of fact. Goldberg wouldn't have won the election anyway. His basic mistake was letting himself be lured off the Supreme Court by Lyndon Johnson in order to wash at the United Nations Johnson's dirty-linen from the Vietnam war. After this disclosure, Nelson Rockefeller telephoned Goldberg to apologize. It shouldn't have happened, he told furious Arthur, who yet may have the last word.

Apologies or no, the Rockefeller nomination has a touch of gaminess about it. As the Congress recessed for the election campaigns, the Majority Leader, Senator Mansfield, and Senator Cannon, chairman of the Rules Committee, have indicated the hearings in the Senate would probably be re-opened. Senator Allen, a Committee member, gives the impression he now sees the nomination as political quarry. Allen, suspicious of anything or anyone without roots in his native Alabama, is a persevering type who has scuttled many a project not to his own liking.

The plebeian members of the House Judiciary Committee began to stir by late October as a result of the Medici-like cast of the Rockefeller court. Its chairman, Peter Rodino of New Jersey, feeling his summer oats from the Nixon impeachment hearings from which he has reaped national recognition, showed signs of being willing to engage in another political High Noon. Why not? Compared to toppling a President, what's so tough about toppling a political Croesus? The few Populist-minded members of the Congress, unwilling to tweak the Rockefeller tail until the episode of the Goldberg campaign biography come to light, began to speak up. The stirrings in the House were unfavorable omens for Rockefeller. The gifts and the book breathed life into previous opposition whose strength had not been strongly felt.

From the outset, the Rockefeller nomination did draw opposition from three sources:

- Anti-abortionists who remembered his opposition to their legislation.
- Penal reformers and others who objected to his decision that led to the quelling of the Attica prison uprising in which more than 40 died, mostly prisoners. Rockefeller's Kent State East.
- Reagan-ites and the *Human Events* crowd in the Republican party.

However, Rockefeller, energetic, outward, breathing success, easily turned aside their hostility. Now, disparate elements have a binder—a case of a generous hand, however well-intentioned, that is stronger than the instrumentalities of governments themselves. And, members of Congress are beginning to ask themselves, if Nelson Rockefeller gave so lavishly to those who pleased him in the performance of their duties for him, one may shudder at the other side of the sybaritic coin: what awful fate befell those who displeased him as he pursued the Presidential grail during his four decades in public life?

"I am a millionaire. That is my Religion," Undershaft says in Shaw's play, *Major Barbara.*

Less palatable is the rationalization that at the beginning some members of Congress, with reservations about the nomination, convinced themselves of: that being rich, Rockefeller was uncorruptible . . . would not be subject to temptations Richard Nixon and others were heir to.

Parenthetically, one is impelled to ask the sociologists and other landscape artists of society whether their thesis is valid—that great wealth, however brutally amassed, somehow civilizes itself in the second or, certainly, in the third generation. Somewhere it's been written: no wealth can satisfy the covetous desire of wealth.

Members of Congress, reassessing their position, might also consider the cast of mind of a person, Rockefeller, who says in defense of his gifts to subordinates that they were made to persons "appointed by me . . . administratively responsible to me . . . in a framework of policy established by me . . . (with) identical interests."

Rehearing of the Rockefeller nomination in the Senate will probably dwell on the gifts and the book. But it would be an opportunity to ask questions that are truly meaningful.

The tentacles of the wealth of Rockefeller & Co. reach into every major nook and cranny of the American economy. Oil is the family's lifeblood. In a sense, Nelson Rockefeller "is" Exxon. David's Chase Manhattan Bank is more than a bank; it is a family consortium of interests that reach throughout the world and, understandably, shape United States foreign-policy decisions. He should be asked about his views on inflation and his attitudes should there be in the months ahead, as some predict, a recurrence of the energy-crisis of 1973-74. He can not be allowed to say that he will stay aloof. First, he would not; two, if he did, he should be disqualified for the position of Vice President. One wants not a eunuch but a contributor in that position. He needs to be put on the record in respect to these views, since he has not been submitted, for no fault of his own, to a nominating convention of his Party and to the American electorate.

The way he disburses money lacks accountability, an indispensable factor that was badly shattered during the Nixon Presidency. If he is confirmed, as he may still be, the awesome dimensions of the Rockefeller money and power should be made clear and, to whatever degree possible, accountable.

Otherwise, we should leave him to his embarrassment of riches.

SISYPHUS

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FOOTBALL FOR FEMINISTS

MICHAEL NOVAK

As many men had to do in childhood and adolescence, some continue to strive with every energy to become morally acceptable to women. "Liberated" women still scold men, still pretend to superior moral wisdom. Indeed, maleness, masculinity, and (of course) *machismo* have become shorthand for "evil." To be male and aggressive is to be responsible for evil. To be "humanized," we are told, is to be sensitive, peaceable and good. "Such a good little boy," they used to say.

It is the superbowl mentality, Eugene Bianchi writes in a recent *Christian Century*, that typifies the evil in the world. Strange. There have not yet been ten annual superbowls. Has evil come so recently?

It is football, he says, that symbolizes masculine aggressiveness. Football, in 1974, is exactly one hundred years old. Did male aggressiveness begin in September, 1874? Are the Russians, who play chess, not aggressive? Should Hitler have favored football rather than gymnastics? When they murdered 400,000 suspected Communists in a single season, were the Indonesians mesmerized by football? Did Indira Gandhi get her inspiration for India's atomic bomb, and Golda Meir her military power, from some superbowl we know not of?

He tells us that men cannot bear to fail in school but must, for ego's sake, be number one. Yet most American schools are dominated by women teachers 1 through 12. A majority of the brightest students in most American classrooms 1 through 12 have been girls and, in college, women. Virtually all the boys I ever knew, both in schooling and in teaching, were early reconciled to seeing girls pull down higher marks than they. "We're number one!" as a football chant may have been an alternative to being number two in school.

The use of physical tests tends to exclude women. Perhaps that is one reason men tend to like physically violent and demanding games; there, at least, they are not inferior to women.

Why is it that men have much rage against women? Their language indicates their rage; almost every obscene word (as a brilliant writer, Barbara Lawrence, has pointed out) is sadistic and cruel with respect to women: "screw" is an example. May not one reason be that emotionally, for so many of their formative years, women dominate their lives, moralize to them, ask them to deny their own natures? Woman so often symbolizes civilization, tyrant over instinct.

It becomes plainer with every feminist book that the male animal is different from the female, in his aggressions and his lusts. Can it be solely culturally determined that male instincts are generic and object-minded long before they become specific and person-oriented; that male sexuality is, in an important respect, even more excited by an impersonal than by a personal relation? Prostitution and pornography depend upon that virtually universal phenomenon.

Nietzsche blamed Christianity for having "womanized" the male hero, for having made "effeminate" the ancient male psyche. Is Christianity now to be blamed for *machismo*? Male aggressiveness, lust, and rape were not unknown to Genghis Khan, or Attila, or the Turks, or the Crusaders, or the Greeks or Armenians, the Cossacks, the Germans, the British, the Indians, the Africans, the Latinos. Under all sorts of economic orders, in all regimes, and in a huge variety of cultural forms physical exuberance and aggression, lust and rape and dominance—yes, and also tenderness and love—have been known among men.

To blame capitalism for male aggression is ridiculous; few systems have so rationalized daily transactions to non-physical terms. To blame corporations, whose bureaucracies smother every direct impulse of the male, is absurd. To diagnose the cause as "the superbowl" or even "football" is quite inadequate.

Indeed, one could argue that football is one of the most humanizing institutions our society provides; that it is precisely those non-athletes of the intellectual class (scientists, engineers, experts) who have produced most of the destructive instruments, strategies and remote-control acts of violence in our time. Football left to itself is face-to-face confrontation, highly personal, open, direct. It is a game of "match-ups." It is not like Attica, where the chief executive never pulls the trigger himself, but does his bloody work through others. In football, each player has responsibility for his every move—is subject to the strict accountability of post-game, slow-motion movies of his acts. In football, excellence cannot be bluffed. What is corrupt about football is not the game itself, but the huge, impersonal, insulated, "civilized" corporate structure added on to it—where decision-makers never deal in immediate personal relations, but govern by remote control. Where the manner of operation is "modern." Whereas, football as a game is primitive, authentic, honest—skill pitted against skill; muscle against muscle; speed and brains against speed and brains.

Those who oppose football exhibit fear and hatred of the human body. What scandalizes them are the exhilarations and struggles of the body. They think that they are "humanizing" the male, whereas they tend to further his dehumanization by teaching him pretense. They do not dis-

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CATHOLICS IN SOUTH VIETNAM

JAYNE WERNER

The growing religious opposition to Thieu

Throughout recent months, angry demonstrators in the cities and towns of South Vietnam have denounced the Saigon regime, recalling the days of the Buddhist marches before the fall of dictator Ngo Diem (October 1963). This time the Catholics, heretofore staunch supporters of Saigon, are spearheading an anti-Thieu movement to protest the pervasive corruption, fed by the continuation of the war, which is crippling the population. Thirty thousand priests and laymen reportedly demonstrated in Hue in mid-September to protest the heavy repression of an earlier demonstration against corruption and to demand that Thieu respond to the specific charges brought against him and his entourage by Catholic priest Tran Huu Thanh. ("Public Indictment Number One" accused Thieu and his relatives of huge rake-offs from rice distribution in central Vietnam and fertilizer sales, among other accusations.) Significantly, this opposition—which up to the present has been pro-Thieu—now sees the main impediment to peace to be the Saigon regime, and not the Communists led by the P.R.G. (Provisional Revolutionary Government). An in-house Vatican report on the situation in Vietnam, attacking the Thieu regime as "corrupt and oppressive," has received wide attention among Catholic and other circles in Saigon, and can be seen as a factor stimulating the current movement.

A growing number of religious leaders, joined by others such as Mme. Ngo Ba Thanh, journalists, newspaper editors, and even some deputies in Saigon's National Assembly, are now saying that peace cannot come until Thieu goes. After helping two months ago to found a movement to fight famine in South Vietnam, Mme. Ngo Ba Thanh said: "For the survival of the people, we demand President's Thieu dismissal." Father Chan Tin, leader of an organization to reform the prison system, recently reaffirmed that now there are over 200,000 people in jail, including many illegally arrested since the Paris Accords. (Thieu has no legal right to arrest pro-peace and third force proponents since the third force was given full legal status of its own in the Paris Agreement.) Father Chan Tin declared recently that the people of South Vietnam want peace, freedom, and independence, which cannot be achieved until "foreign domination and its present valets, corrupt and rotten" (i.e., the United States and Thieu) are eliminated.

The Buddhists, once again spurred into political action by the Saigon An Quang pagoda (as in 1963), have loosely joined forces with the Catholic opposition movement. Bonzes in the provinces have been forcibly enlisted as soldiers in the army, an unpopular move among the predominantly Buddhist Vietnamese. Forcible enrollment of priests in the two largest religious sects in South Vietnam, the Hoa Hoa and the Cao Dai, have also brought sharp reactions and demonstrations against this policy in the delta. Consequently An Quang has founded a movement for peace and the implementation of the accords, a national reconciliation movement.

Not coincidentally, the Patriarch of the Unified Buddhist Congregation (An Quang) spoke on the anniversary of the 1963 repression against the Church (August 20) to condemn the increasing misery brought on by the useless continuation of the war, the incarceration

JAYNE WERNER *is completing a Ph.D. dissertation on the Cao Dai religious movement in South Vietnam for Cornell University. She recently returned from a six-week trip to Vietnam, where she visited in the North and South.*

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of political prisoners, the absence of civil rights, Thieu's refusal to let the third force operate openly, and the failure to form the National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord: in short, the refusal of Thieu to implement the provisions of the agreements. A leading Saigon newspaper (*Dien Tin* or *Telegraph*) has also editorially urged that the accord be implemented, reflecting a growing popular groundswell for peace and a political solution to the war, even among conservative and right-wing circles.

The vitality and apparent mass support the opposition to Thieu is gaining, despite its nascent and unpredictable character at the moment, shows that the third force, recognized in the Agreement on an equal footing with the Saigon regime and the P.R.G., is a real and not an artificial political force. This is true despite the fact it does not have an army nor an administration as do the other two political elements. Notably, one of the leaders of the third force, lawyer Nguyen Long, imprisoned by Thieu for five years and then released, under international pressure, to the P.R.G. (against his wishes, since he disavows membership in the P.R.G.), on his arrival in Paris last month declared that the third force is a vigorous movement for peace, which is why Thieu is trying to suppress it. Two other ex-political prisoners with Nguyen Long (who plans to visit several countries to talk about the political prisoners and the police state in South Vietnam) described their arbitrary detentions and denial of their rights of due process. One prisoner said he personally saw American advisors in the National "Interrogation" Center in Saigon, *after* the signing of the Paris Agreement (a direct violation), and friends of his still in prison, he avowed, could testify to the presence of many more.

Despite the growing public demand for peace and the indictment of the Thieu regime for corruption, however, the opposition movement is in a formative stage and as yet in no position to topple the government. Although Thieu today is more isolated than Diem was in 1963, Diem's narrow and doctrinaire policies provoked a conflict with the Buddhists over a relatively minor issue—flying the Buddhist flag at religious ceremonies. The protest sparked, however, popular discontent with the regime's favoritism toward Catholics in general and crystallized other types of hostility toward Diem, including those arising from regional and military conflicts. Thieu, by comparison, has proven to be more of a political chameleon, like his former mentor, Nixon. The generals are kept in line by lucrative deals (ARVN generals are among the richest people in South Vietnam), political organizations have been infiltrated and leaders bought off, and crises are dampened and opposition repressed before having a chance to escalate.

Moreover, the U.S. Embassy is no longer as optimistic about the benefits of a last-ditch Presidential change to defuse a political crisis in Saigon. It has found an able ally in Thieu. Replacing him could be more of a risk than keeping him in power. But the opposition against Thieu has the potential of being a wider movement against the regime and also of expressing deeper discontent than in 1963.

The Buddhist Church has always had a strong pro-peace element in it, submerged in recent years because of repression. The Catholic Church, in contrast, has rarely dissented from the pro-war policies of Saigon, but the current campaign against corruption, led by dissident priests and not disavowed by the Church hierarchy, has reached almost every parish (according to a Vietnamese Catholic spokesman in Paris)* and recognizes that the corruption is a result of the continuation of the war. This is a new element in Catholic protest in South Vietnam and it remains to be seen what type of unity the emerging coalition with the Buddhists and other dissenters will achieve in its battle for peace.

The opposition movement against Thieu may not be able to benefit as much from international reaction

and pressure as the movement against Diem did in 1963. On the other hand, the current protest goes much deeper than that in 1963. Today the main issue is not just a change in rulers; it is a matter of war or peace. Eleven years of more warfare and U.S. intervention have brought the longing for peace to the doorsteps of even the regime's staunchest supporters, not to mention the unheeded voices in the fields and streets who have longed for peace longer than that.

Though the Catholic leadership currently heading the anti-corruption drive appears to be mainly politically conservative, the support given to the opposition in the last three months has signs of being increasingly mass-based. This is also a new element; mass protests against Thieu in the cities have not occurred in over three years because of the swift repression. And Thieu is ham-

* Father Thi, a representative of the third force in Paris, who has been primarily responsible for publicizing information on the political prisoners situation in Thieu's jails. The Catholic protest movement was launched on June 5 in Hue by a letter of 301 priests condemning corruption. Since then, the issue has widened.

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strung in dealing with the priests: the only two forces supporting his regime have been the army and the Church.

The danger for Thieu is that fissures in one of the two pillars—the Catholic Church—may broaden into a deep crack. Worse, the Catholic movement may even go beyond the original intentions of its promoters, if it continues to develop momentum. The dissident priests who launched the protest appear to have been at least partially prompted by the leak of a secret Vatican report on South Vietnam criticizing the regime and the Church's support of it. The report was written by Father Piero Gheddo, a specialist on Vietnam, who went to South Vietnam for a month in December 1973. He traveled extensively during his trip, talking with Catholic priests and laymen and recording his impressions. His report to the Pope, only published a few weeks ago, described South Vietnam as "an ocean of corruption" reaching up into the highest levels, including the Church, which appeared to have more of a stake in the continuation of the war than an end to it. Father Gheddo attacked the Thieu regime as "corrupt and oppressive," adding that the political prisoners situation was "grave." He also scored the "indiscriminate arrests and torture."

It should be noted that Fr. Gheddo's perspective was strongly anti-Communist yet in his report, which appears to have had some effect on the Pope's subsequent attitude toward Vietnam, he described the continuation of the war as futile. "There can be no military solution to this war," he wrote. Yet the "desperation" of the people in the Thieu zones and the need for peace, he concluded, was from all accounts being ignored by the Church hierarchy which was even censoring the Pope's messages for peace in its press. Corruption and profiteering in the Church existed, he found out, and was not being suppressed.*

The only solution, according to Father Gheddo, is that a dialogue with the P.R.G. must be initiated, which means that the fighting now going on must stop and the ceasefire be respected. The third force must be allowed to operate legally and openly. Finally, an agreement must be reached with the P.R.G. permitting a political solution, since a military one is impossible. The report concludes that an alternative to the present regime "must be prepared" and that "it is inevitable that in the future Catholics will have to live with the Communists in a coalition government."

The growing isolation of the Thieu regime is now becoming evident from all sides. Even Thieu's response to his critics in a major speech on October 1, reflecting his weakened position, did not address itself to the specific charges of corruption leveled against him (because it could not?), and they still remain unanswered. The leaders of the opposition were not satisfied by Thieu's response, and from all indications, demonstrations will continue. Thieu's response to the loose coalition confronting him, however, can be seen as a watershed in Saigon politics. For the past 18 months following the Paris Accords, the fighting has continued in South Vietnam despite the P.R.G.'s much more faithful adherence to the Accords (U.S. press accounts amply document this fact). It is clear now that continued warfare in South Vietnam serves no purpose whatsoever. The people are sick of war and weary of a regime which profits more from war than from peace.

Thus, President Ford's recently stated concern that Thieu may need new funds to "defend South Vietnam" in case of a Communist general offensive is misplaced. The real obstacle to peace, as Vietnamese public opinion in the areas controlled by Saigon is saying, is Thieu, not the P.R.G. Peace cannot come until Thieu goes.

Thieu or anyone like him has little chance of lasting indefinitely in Vietnam, at any rate, despite whatever U.S. officials, C.I.A. or otherwise, might cook up to save him. Certainly one element in clarifying this situation has been the resignation of President Nixon. If Nixon, why not Thieu? Also the P.R.G. has been able to resist ARVN attempts to capture its territory, and it has recently taken back practically all the territory lost after the Accords were signed, and perhaps more. The cutback in U.S. aid and the oil crisis have created grave problems for the bulky and overly-mechanized ARVN war machine. There have been reports that shipments of new A-37 jet fighters have been dismantled and sold by ARVN generals as scrap metal, presumably due to fuel and pilot shortages.

The deteriorating economic situation in the Thieu-held zones is another factor working against this regime. Completely dependent on foreign aid, with little domestic economic base of its own, there is little chance the Thieu adminiistration can solve inflation at a 70 percent annual rate nor find economically viable jobs for the one million (according to *Le Monde*) unemployed. The only hope was a fleeting dream that oil in the South China Sea could bolster a sinking economy, but that is now acknowledged to be unrealizable: it has not been proven that substantial reserves actually exist and it would take three years—too late for Thieu—for such reserves to be profitable.

It seems unlikely that Thieu will last for three years. This is probably why the World Bank, presumably under the urging of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, scheduled a secret meeting in Paris on October 17 to see if emergency measures can be taken to save Thieu. (News of this meeting was reported in a short article in

* One of the most scandalous charges of corruption, not linked to the Catholic Church, is that orphans are being "sold" to persons or agencies abroad. This situation is not unlike pre-revolution China in the 1940s when desperate conditions brought about similar despicable profiteering on the part of seemingly "respectable" organizations.

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Le Monde but has failed to draw much attention in the U.S. press.) Thieu sees the writing on the wall as plainly as everyone else: his October 1 speech spelled out his critical need for more U.S. aid, with which "we are ready to furnish Vietnamese blood [to continue fighting the war]" (June 6 speech at a teacher's convention in Saigon).

There is little evidence that the people of South Vietnam want to continue being someone else's mercenaries. There seems to be a genuine desire among the majority of the people for peace and the type of political settlement called for in the Paris Agreement (the publication of which Thieu has made illegal): a council composed of three parts which will supervise elections for a new regime. The P.R.G. is still ready to undertake new contacts and negotiations with the Thieu regime (broken off two months ago) and the third force for the formation of a national council, according to the P.R.G. Deputy Ambassador to France, Phan Thanh Nam, in a recent interview in Paris.

U.S. policy to continue massive military assistance to Thieu, though cut back by recent legislation, is a violation of the letter and the spirit of the Paris Accords. Moreover, the last 18 months have shown that this policy has been a failure. It has failed because it has not been able to provide a real solution to the actual problems that beset South Vietnam. If it seems inevitable that Thieu will, despite continued U.S. subsidy, have to go, why do we continue pouring money down the drain? Who are we to finance the continued existence of a corrupt military dictator when his policies are bitterly disputed by his own citizens? Although it is unlikely that Thieu will be forced out this year, opinion from many sides sees either 1975 or 1976 as the decisive year.

CASINOS AND DOMINOES

WARREN SLOAT

Another effort to turn America into Las Vegas

Romantic old Atlantic City, home of saltwater taffy, kewpie dolls and bracing sea breezes, has fallen on hard times. In an attempt to reverse the blight, high crime rate and the other familiar urban woes that have descended upon it, a proposal has been placed on the New Jersey ballot in November that would lead to the establishment of state-operated casinos for the queen of the Jersey shore.

Although the ballot question says nothing about this limitation to a single city, Gov. Brendan T. Byrne and his administration have depicted the coming vote as approval for an experiment station to try decorous, suit-and-tie casinos of the Puerto Rican variety. The chief organization backing the referendum calls itself the Tourism Development Council of New Jersey and the furtherance of tourism is being presented as the chief value of the casino.

Opponents of a favorable vote, speaking through "Casinos—No Dice," have questioned the proposal by raising the specter of organized crime. The state, they say, is on probation, and should not be violating it openly by consorting with persons of questionable repute. Byrne, a racket-buster who was swept into office last year as "the man who couldn't be bought," finds himself supporting casinos against the advice of almost every law-enforcement spokesman in the state, including Jonathan Goldstein, the U.S. Attorney for New Jersey, and his own State Attorney General, William F. Hyland.

One of the three co-chairmen of "Casinos—No Dice" is William J. Brennan III, who as assistant state attorney general for a few seasons ago claimed that "some legislators are too comfortable with organized crime" and in the midst of protest, proceeded to document it. The state's concern about gangsterism and corruption is based on a long and checkered history of infiltration by mobsters, aided and abetted by county political bosses, and connected with a shabby record of public morality. The wave of indictments of public officials for bid-rigging, extortion and bribery was one of the factors that led to Byrne's victory.

Organized crime and official corruption are perhaps the only arguments that might brake the apparent public eagerness to vote in casinos this month.They are really only emblematic, however, of deeper concerns about the state's lifestyle and the fear that an outbreak of casinos will not enhance that style. For it is disingenuous to pretend that this referendum, which every poll shows should pass solidly, is only a proposal to place three or four antiseptic casinos in one location. Atlantic City is the opening puff in another round of campaigns to extend gambling along the East Coast and possibly around the nation.

WARREN SLOAT *is a free-lance writer whose work has appeared in* The Nation, Ramparts *and other journals.*

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"Today the craze of gambling as an easy road to enrich the public coffers is gaining favor throughout the nation," Rep. Wright Patman of Texas said earlier this year. "This is a tragic development. These schemes are being packaged in typical Madison Avenue style. We are told that a little gambling . . . backed by the state . . . will help educate children and provide other benefits. This is the purest form of hogwash."

The rhetoric is highly colored, but it makes the point as well as any that gambling is proliferating because it is regarded as an untapped source of local and state revenue. Some form of legalized gambling is now in operation in 35 states. Eight states have public lotteries and three have off-track betting. Casinos appear to be the coming trend, with betting on sports events, legal at present only in Nevada, still a few years off.

The Delaware Legislature fell short of the necessary votes this year to put casinos on the ballot, but there will doubtless be another try in 1975. In New York the Broadway Association, made up of midtown real estate interests, has been advocating casinos in the Times Square area to bring in tourists and clean up the Port Said atmosphere. At this moment the association is lying back to watch what happens in New Jersey.

Thomas Mechling, who heads the Bi-state Committee to Oppose Las Vegas Casino Gambling in New York and New Jersey, has been advocating a regional approach to stopping casinos. "Prior to this year it was believed that New York would be first with casinos," said Mechling, once the Democratic candidate for U.S. Senate in Nevada. "This is not just another vote to legalize bingo or have a lottery. This is the first vote on big-time gambling in an eastern industrial state, and it will have an obvious domino effect."

The dominos, it appears likely, will eventually fall in New Jersey as well. The governor and legislature will be under unremitting political pressure to expand the casino franchises. Newark has already asked for casinos in its new international airport. Political leaders have suggested that casinos in the sports complex, a racetrack and football stadium now under construction in the Hackensack Meadowlands minutes from midtown Manhattan, would be the best site of all. State Sen. Wayne Dumont, a rural Republican, has predicted that unfettered casino building could raise $200 million annually in state revenues; the growth the Senator desires would presumably include the Playboy Club located in his district.

The catalyst, however, may not be political pressure but the revenue-starvation of many state and local governments. For New York, which has been selling bonds to help meet its municipal current expenses, legalized gambling may be the only source left. Jess Marcum and Henry Rowan, in a study for the Twentieth Century Fund and the Fund for the City of New York, predict that total revenues to state and local governments, if all forms of gambling were legalized, could add $7.5 billion (in 1973 dollars).

The most enticing aspect of gambling as a revenue source is the public attitude, as evidenced in the New Jersey election and in New York, where Seymour Durst, chairman of the Broadway Association's casino committee, has expressed surprise that the only objections to the plan have come from political figures. What could be a more powerful force for legalized gambling than the argument that it provides something people want, pay out of their own free will, and that can be set up without any resistance from the beleaguered middle-class homeowners who have been taxed so emphatically in recent years?

There is, further, the 1924 argument of the British Select Committee on Betting Duty, which, in accordance with the view that gambling may be made available to fill an "unstimulated public demand," advised unanimously "that betting is a useless thing except insofar as it gives pleasurable excitement for some and for others an escape from the monotony of their daily world. It is in the main unproductive except to the bookmakers. In others, it is not inaptly described as a 'mug's game,' as practiced by the great majority of backers. It is a foolish occupation or habit. It is a pure luxury and a fitting subject for taxation unless there are strong reasons for allowing luxury to escape."

Proponents of legal gambling also argue that rather than promote organized crime, it will hurt the rackets by drying up one of their principal sources of revenue with legal competition. They have also advanced the libertarian argument that opposition to legal gambling is another form of the pernicious paternalism that led to Prohibition and its harmful public policy. In an effective address in the N.J. Legislature this year, State Sen. William V. Musto accused those who were trying to keep casinos off the ballot as "playing God."

If casinos and other forms of new gambling games are as inevitable as they seem and if they will raise new revenue, clean up Times Square, lessen corrupting payoffs to law enforcement officials, and—we may be told soon—speed mail delivery, it might help to keep in mind these aspects of social dynamics: 1) There is no such thing as a free lunch; 2) Every drug addict began with the notion that he would not get hooked; 3) Chickens come home to roost; and 4) As you sow, so shall you reap.

Having launched the nation's most successful state weekly lottery in 1970, New Jersey eventually found its sales dwindling as it was imitated by competitors. No amount of constant tinkering—including a daily lottery, summer bonuses, a sweepstakes and a forthcoming choose-your-number system—has reversed the downward trend. Celebrities have been brought in to make the millionaire lottery drawings into events much like daytime television game shows. The Lottery Commission

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has attempted to create new demand for tickets through a hard-sell advertising campaign.

Off-track betting in New York, also backed by heavy advertising come-on, did not decrease illegal gambling. A Police Department white paper concluded that off-track betting led to a 62 percent increase in illegal betting.

"A climate has been created to gamble," said Paul Delise, chief of the Organized Crime Control Bureau in the Public Morals Division. "Because it now is possible to bet legally on horses, thousands of people who never in the world would have thought of betting on football or basketball or baseball are now betting with the bookies."

Like everything else that flies in the world of business, gambling is a growth industry, and it profits not by filling an unstimulated public demand but by creating new customers.

The real issue in the New Jersey election and in the growth of legalized gambling generally is whether it is politic for a society to trade on people's most trivial impulses—whether it is good, that is, to make people into fools.

HIJACKERS AND HIJINX

THE SCREEN

The hijacker and the terrorist are perhaps our only contemporaries who can create the sort of excitement that gunslingers used to create on the frontier. Every other possibility has been so bureaucratized and systems-analyzed that all the excitement, the crisis atmosphere which high drama requires, has gone out of it. The socio-technology in which we live is expressly designed to comprehend every audacity and contain every attempt to work outside its appointed channels. As a result even crime has to be "organized" to get anywhere nowadays. In this context what makes the hijacker and the terrorist exceptional is that, seeing the system would foil other crimes, they attack the system itself. They see that neither our wallets nor our honor may be vulnerable anymore, but our reliance on the system that protects them is. The hijacker and terrorist therefore take over our means of transportation and lines of communication as purposefully as the gunslinger took over isolated frontier towns. With the system itself immobilized and held captive, some individual must once again come forward, as in days of yore, to stand up against the desperado.

This is pretty much what happens anyway in two new thrillers about hijacking that have been released. In Richard Lester's *Juggernaut* someone has placed a series of time bombs aboard an ocean liner and then, once the ship is irretrievably at sea, demanded an enormous ransom in exchange for instructions on disarming the bombs. In Joseph Sargent's *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three*, four men who hijack a subway train demand an equally enormous sum for the passengers' safe release. And in each film the burden of coping with the calamity falls to one man. *Juggernaut*'s man on the job is Fallon (Richard Harris), a flamboyant Royal Navy bomb expert airlifted to the desperate liner to try to defuse the bombs. In *Pelham One Two Three*, it's Zachary Garber (Walter Matthau), an unassuming T.A. cop who happens to be on duty in the central dispatchers' room when the hijackers call in to announce what they have done and make their demands.

Yet even here, where we come as close as we ever can to the conditions of an old-fashioned showdown, modern society still seems to insulate its heroes from its villains. For the hijackers in both films, the whole paradoxical point is *not* to come in contact with your adversary. The confrontations that Fallon and Garber have with their respective nemeses are strictly a battle of nerves carried out over a two-way radio. The contact between these men locked in mortal combat is in each case so tenuous that the one actual, physical exchange which must occur, the handing over of the payment, becomes a nearly insurmountable problem. It also becomes, for each director, an opportunity eagerly seized. Each film makes the mere accumulating, counting and delivering of the money into a complicated sub-plot, as if Lester and Sargent were both dying for the lone chance this provides to cut to a chase.

In a curious way even the uncontrollable chain of events set in motion in each film remains a captive of the system supposedly being disrupted. In the very process of being held up for ransom, the system still determines the course of action and channels the energies unleashed against it. The only telling difference between these films, in fact, is the difference of atmosphere—of *mise en scène*—one would expect between a luxury liner and a subway car. The former is the sort of place in which one expects to encounter elegant, powerful people making command decisions. The latter is a setting more suitable to a gamut running from grubby, surly indifference to good-natured incompetence. And so each film ultimately takes its cue from its surroundings, even in the creation of its hero.

Fallon is, for all his maverick wildness, essentially an executive. He fits into the power structure represented by the directors of the cruise line, government officials and ship's captain (Omar Sharif) with whom Fallon drinks Scotch to settle his nerves. In the end Fallon has to sort out all that knowledge which systems people call "input"—technical expertise about bombs, psychological assessment of the bomber, etc.—and come to an absolute decision about which wire to cut. He must, in other words, be effective. Garber, on the other

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hand, is really just a bumbler despite his unflappable way of taking charge. The subway system acts like a King Midas in reverse. Everyone who comes in touch with it from the mayor to the hijackers turns into a nitwit. In the end of his film, Garber doesn't catch the hijackers so much as just stand around and watch while they trip themselves up. I'm afraid he doesn't really make it as a Western hero either, any more than Fallon does. The problem for both of them is that, as cowboy philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson once put it, things are in the saddle and ride mankind.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

RELAXING WITH KARL RAHNER

PETER HEBBLETHWAITE

Herr Professor at age 70

KARL RAHNER recently notched up three score years and ten and gave a celebration interview to *Herder Korrespondenz* in which he was invited to review his life's work. Even though that is rather like being invited to write one's own obituary, he set about the interview with good grace. But like most of the things Rahner has done, it provided no simple answers and was massive. Yet reading between the lines one could catch a rare glimpse of Rahner the man. Since one might be tempted to believe that only a well-programmed computer could equal Rahner's prodigious output, it is comforting to know that he has a human side; and to highlight it might be to provide a key to his thinking.

But first a preliminary remark about German professors. The German university tradition places the Herr Professor on a very lofty pinnacle. Not only is he the accredited representative of *Geist*, that unique combination of spirit, mind, intellect, soul and imagination, but he embodies it and is its spokesman. Consequently he does not need to be interesting, still less entertaining, and indeed he is expected to be obscure, since the pursuit of *Geist* is arduous. Rahner gives every satisfaction in this respect. The professor's reward is adulation, and here Rahner differs from the others in that he suffers from the respect and reverence which are heaped upon him.

He has a number of ploys for dealing with the situation. There is a quality of impishness and mischievousness which comes out in the interview when he claims to be a "dilettante" in theology, and declares that after studying it for forty years, he feels more stupid than when he started. Naturally there is a condition which qualifies this last remark: he feels more stupid "in view of the vast amount of material which has to be mastered before one can begin to speak of a problem etc."

Another of Rahner's deflating strategies, off the rostrum, is humor, but sometimes it rebounds upon him because of the difficulty of recognizing exactly when one is the presence of humor. His colleagues in Munich solve this problem by laughing heartily whenever they think that a joke has been made. "Ha, ha, ha," they chortle. Quite frequently Rahner has in fact made a joke in the self-deprecating manner that is his, halfway between speech and a slurred murmur. When he was leaving Munich for Münster in the spring of 1967, he returned from a farewell visit to Cardinal Doepfner who had been so kind, said Rahner, as to give him a going away present. "What was it?" was the very natural question. "A portrait—of himself—signed," said Rahner. "And what did you say?" they inquired anxiously. *"Eminenz,* I said, thank you very much: but that is just what you gave me for my sixtieth birthday." Collapse of several stout parties.

Anglo-Saxon professors—at least the ones I know—have to survive the irony of their colleagues, and consequently find it much more difficult to take themselves too seriously. German professors are exposed to no such discipline. They are constantly expected to utter Great Thoughts. Rahner has another ploy for dealing with these solemn expectations: he pretends to be a very ordinary chap, constantly surprised by the ordinariness of very ordinary things. He can derive great pleasure from studying the instructions on the label of a sauce bottle or examining the workings of a cigarette lighter. And to get the feel of a strange city, he always prefers to visit department stores with their glitter rather than churches.

In this way Rahner also lives out two of his cherished theories. The first is concerned with the wonder of everyday things. In the slim volume he published under that title, he discusses a number of ordinary activities—like walking about, sitting down, or going to bed—in which he detects hidden traces of omnipresent grace. Anyone wishing to devise an examination in Rahnerian theology could do worse than propose comparable themes and invite the candidate to suggest how Rahner would have treated them: thus we might arrive at the theology of bird-watching or coffee-drinking. The other theory verified in this way is that the path of theology is through complexity towards simplicity, towards "the unutterably simple mystery" which en-

PETER HEBBLETHWAITE *is former editor of the Jesuit publication,* The Month.

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compasses us all the time. In the centenary of Chesterton's birth, it is only fair to note both themes—child-like wonder at the ordinary and the universality of grace—were found in him too. But he had not read Heidegger.

Rahner is genuinely modest, in so far as he is allowed to be. In the interview he explains that in his view, the remaining manuscripts in his files do not merit publication. He has said what he has to say. "I don't have any more trees to cut down," says Rahner, using a characteristic image: indeed, some of us have long thought of Rahner as a skillful Bavarian woodcutter, chopping patiently away at the encrusted tree of a dogma (hacking away the merely *mitgedacht*, what is "co-thought") until it is laid bare in its essential and luminous splendor. Rahner's images are rare, apposite and welcome. They bring one back to ordinary things. Theology can't deliver practical applications, he remarks, like "freshly baked breakfast rolls."

Rahner is modest again in that he genuinely believes that he stumbled into theological distinction and never sought for influence. He started adult life, anyway, as a philosopher—or more precisely his Jesuit superiors intended that he should teach the history of philosophy at Pullach. But he was switched to theology, no doubt in order to plug a gap. Even then, Rahner won't admit to any special distinction. *All those volumes*? One had to give courses in this and that, one wrote them up, it turned out that they interested other people. *Impact on Vatican II*? Can't claim anything, it all happened so swiftly, no one really knows who was responsible for particular expressions in the final texts. *Subsequent worldwide reputation*? Doesn't know whether it's for good or ill, others will have to judge, and it is they, not I, who speak of "Rahnerian theology."

Rahner has his critics in the German theological world. He has been described as "the last of the scholastics," dismissed as too speculative and metaphysical, and is alleged to neglect the dimension of history. This last charge comes from the Tübingen school of which Hans Küng is the star. Rahner does not get upset about these charges and admits that there is some truth in them. He concedes that he discovered in scholastic philosophy at its most banal a dynamism that enabled him to go beyond it. The idea that man is defined by his openness to being (*anima est quodammodo omnia*) is absolutely central in Rahner, and is the basis of his view of man's existential orientation towards God. Rahner also admits, with some cheerfulness, that he has made no discoveries in historical theology, but has merely "reflected on the data provided by others." Like his claim to be a dilettante, this is a little disingenuous in view of his exhaustive treatment of, say, penance in the patristic period; but it is true that his main concern lay elsewhere.

In his birthday interview, Rahner shows himself to be very mistrustful of those who—with Cardinal Suenens—pin their hopes for the future of the Church on the Pentecostal movement. Rahner prefers what he calls a "wintry piety" that has been exposed to the icy blasts of the contemporary world; he would like to stand alongside the atheist and go with him through the purgatory and hell of rationalism. That is where Rahner stands. There can be no doubt about the deep pastoral concern that has always made itself felt in his theology, along with a keen sense of what it means to be truly human. Despite his disclaimers, a simple test of Rahner's success is to list the phrases that he has injected into common theological discourse: we now find indispensable "anonymous Christianity," "the dynamic element in the Church," "the Church of the *diaspora*," "God as the absolute future" and the "Christology from below" in which Rahner once more studies ordinary life for latent pointers to Christ.

Ordinariness shall have the last word. I recall Rahner waiting for the elevator in the London house of the Jesuits. It was after midnight, and cats were roaming. One of them approached, but it fled as Professor Rahner addressed it in German which the cat found menacing. I suggested that he try English. The other cat appeared, and Rahner began with the vocative case, "O cat." It worked. The cat curled round his ankle, arched its back, purred, joined us in the lift, but lost a heartbeat as the lift began to climb. Rahner said: "In the cat-consciousness this must be rather like an astronaut's journey." Ha ha, laughed I, falling into the trap.

HAROLD WITT

THROUGH A GLASS, BRIGHTLY

It was only a glimpse beyond trees
of a blond young man coming down
through shimmering oats and barley—
a shoulderflash, a shine
almost subliminal—
gone before he was seen—

but taking me down the path
of youth through such a heat—
timothy brushing my calves,
midges in light like that
when I was blond eighteen—
butterflies licking about
like bits of loosened flame—

lost in distance and time,
stepping with dancer's feet,
hair thick as a mane—
quick without being in haste
as bright air streamed through my hands—
and unconcerned as he
with any slowings of pace.

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LABOR'S LOVE LOST

JOHN C. CORT

American Labor: A Pictorial Social History

M. B. SCHNAPPER

Public Affairs Press, $15

Blacks in the Industrial World

THEODORE V. PURCELL & GERALD F. CAVANAGH

The Free Press, $3.95 (paper)

Labor Lobbyist: The Autobiography of John W. Edelman

JOSEPH CARTER

Bobbs-Merrill, $9.95

Them and Us

JAMES J. MATLES & JAMES HIGGINS

Prentice-Hall, $6.95

Wilfrid Sheed has a pretty way with a metaphor. In that mostly delightful, sometimes maddening, piece he did for *Atlantic Monthly* last July, Sheed laments, like most of us, over the hardening arteries and softening muscles and brains of America's current crop of labor leaders. At one point he writes, "And still a whiff of battle remains, like the smell of Absorbine, Jr., in a deserted locker room."

I was reminded of this as I read a small spate of labor books, most of which dwell on the struggles of the past. The most memorable of these is M. B. Schnapper's pictorial history, *American Labor*. It has already been out for a while now, but if you haven't seen it, beg, borrow, or buy a copy. It's a great book. I thought it would be a nice way to warm up for a review of the other books. Sort of whip through it. I could see it was monumental: 568 pages of pictures, cartoons, news clips, and text. But there were so many pictures and cartoons that I figured this should be a cinch even for an obsessive type who can never bring himself to skip a word of a review book—well, hardly ever.

The trouble was that the pictures and cartoons were so fascinating that I found myself spending almost as much time studying a page of them as I would reading a page of text. A beautiful job. Mr. Schnapper has brought labor's past alive—every glorious and inglorious moment of it. Well, almost every. And labor's present is mostly so dull that we can use this kind of lively recall. I had forgotten myself how lively it was. Lively, funny, tragic, violent, and great. It's worth a look and Mr. Schnapper has made that look easy and enjoyable.

Blacks in the Industrial World focuses on a problem which reminds one of some of labor's more inglorious moments: those moments when black workers were getting the shaft from unions that didn't want to move over and let somebody else work beside Whitey.

"Reminds one" mainly, because this scholarly study by Fathers Purcell and Cavanagh, two smart Jesuits, does not go into the union thing very much except to make the point that unions reflect the prejudices of their members and it is easier for the company to promote integration at the work place because everybody understands that companies can act arbitrarily and don't have to take a vote. Interesting point.

The authors emphasize the fact that theirs is "a listening book." Their focus-within-a-focus is the electrical manufacturing industry (GE, Westinghouse, etc.) and they taped interviews with hundreds of black and white workers, foremen, and managers at four separate plants in Chicago, Buffalo, Memphis and Lynchburg, Virginia.

The tapes make excellent reading and they are clearly more faithful to the originals than other tape transcripts you may have read lately. Sometimes they try too hard, as when the authors reproduce the Southern sound of "really" as "rilly." I mean rilly.

The most moving interview was with a young woman who was the first black person hired in the Memphis plant, which operated from its founding in 1947 to 1961 with a lily-white work force. This is her description of her first days in the plant:

> . . . They come through here hollering 'Nigger!' and talking all kind of ugly talk. Cursing. And I would look over to the side, to the space next to me. And I thought these people were crazy. And I'd look at 'em and I would laugh. I'd kinda smile. It took a whole lot out of me, you know. I never worked with anybody like this before. A whole plant of people in here were—I don't know how to describe it. Devil action! . . . But I just pray. I asked God to help me. I said: 'Help me, Jesus, I got to work somewhere. . . .'

Eventually, she got help, The foreman stepped in and told the worst bigots to lay off. And eventually the white workers began to accept Mrs. Fuller for what she was, namely, a brave, intelligent young woman and a competent worker. And by 1970, 27 percent of the work force was black and working relations between the races were, the authors conclude, "tranquil, even good."

Purcell and Cavanagh have some interesting things to say on the growing problem of reverse discrimination. They make a distinction between preferential treatment for blacks and what they call "equalizing practice," which means "spending extra time and money

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simply to make opportunities equal in recruiting, hiring, training and helping to promote Negroes." Recruiting at black high schools more than at white, for example, only brings to black students "a knowledge of job opportunities that white students have had for years."

Actually, the authors accept the argument that some preferential treatment is justified "to redress the injustice previously visited upon" black workers, with the cautionary warning that there may be situations where the need of the white worker is so great that it may cancel out the overall argument. Still, they opt for some measure of preference and this seems to me to be racial discrimination in reverse and that's a tough thing to defend. Pretty hard to answer the white worker who says, "Why punish me for something some other white guy did or didn't do years ago?" I'd rather stick with the "equalizing" bit.

Just as white workers, including their union leaders, cooperate with integration on the ground that they have no choice—the company demands it, so companies like to justify black recruitment and promotion on the ground that the government requires it. *When* the government requres it. That is why fair employment, and promotion laws are so important.

Over all, a most valuable book. The subtitle, "Issues for Managers" is valid because this is basic training for every plant executive, in or out of the electrical industry, who is concerned with giving black people a decent break. But union types, poverty types, black leader types can benefit too. And they won't be bored. The good fathers really know how to play that tape recorder.

Labor Lobbyist is the autobiography of the late John W. Edelman (edited by Joseph Carter). Edelman was a very civilized, urbane, decent man who spent most of his long and useful career working for the Textile Workers in various capacities: organizer, editor, Washington lobbyist. His political orientation was vaguely Socialist or Social Democratic. His book is full of good stuff and much good writing about famous people and famous battles long ago. It doesn't quite come off, and the best way I can indicate this is to mention the fact that he manages to finish his story without mentioning Vietnam once. Too many good men in the labor movement ignored Vietnam for much too long, to the great benefit of George Meany and Richard Nixon.

Edelman's book both gains and suffers by contrast with *Them and Us,* an interesting saga about the UE, the most successful of the old Stalinist unions and one of the few that survived their exit from the CIO in 1949. The authors are James Higgins, a competent journalist, and James Matles, general secretary of the UE, short for United Electrical Radio and Machine Workers. Outside of Harry Bridges, another survivor, Matles is one of the more able and respected Stalinist leaders.

Unlike Edelman, Matles and Higgins are about as humorless as you would expect. Unlike Edelman they write with passion and bite and, like Vietnam, it would not be smart to ignore them.

Boiled down, what they are saying to us is this, "Aren't you all ashamed now, you liberals, because you stood by without protest, if you didn't actually assist and applaud, when the CIO expelled its Communist affiliates? See how even Nixon has made his peace with Russia and China. Aren't you ashamed?"

Their case would be more persuasive if they were a bit more candid. For example, with a fine self-righteous flourish they point out how the UE had always been anti-Vietnam and "against war and militarism in foreign policy." They quote a UE convention resolution of 1964: "Efforts to apply military solutions to problems of international relationships are irrational in origin and ruinous in prospect."

Yeah, great. Like in Finland, 1939, or Hungary, 1956, or Czechoslovakia, 1968. Where were the UE resolutions then, Messrs. Matles and Higgins? Where were you?

If now you and the UE are as opposed to Russian militarism as you are to American militarism, let's hear it. There is no evidence of such a sea-change in your book. I think it's a fine idea that the UE and the IUE (the AFL-CIO counterpart) cooperate in negotiations with GE and other electrical biggies, but don't blame McCarthyism for your expulsion(departure?) from the CIO. After all, some of us are old enough to remember the Nazi-Soviet pact and some of the strikes that occurred during that period, like North American Aviation and Allis-Chalmers, one of whose objectives, if not the primary objective, let's face it, was to stop aid to the embattled enemies of Hitler. They were not UE strikes but they taught us all what UE was capable of. And some of us are old enough to remember how you and your Progressive Party almost elected Dewey in 1948—not that Dewey is in quite the same category as Hitler.

No, 1949 was not 1974, when Russia seems to have acquired a mellow tolerance that is often missing in your book. You may quote Monsignor Rice to the effect that the UE was the victim of a bum rap, but here is one old activist who is by no means ready to go to confession to "Fitzie." (Fitzie is Albert Fitzgerald, whom the Stalinists put up to knock off Jim Carey in 1941, after Carey broke with them during the period of the Nazi-Soviet pact.)

Nevertheless, any man (Matles) who can spend Christmas week far from home visiting picket lines is somebody you would like to see in the mainstream of the labor movement. Christmas may not mean the same to us, but I find it hard to withhold admiration. Now if only the democrats could take over in Russia. . . .

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REVIEWERS

JOHN C. CORT has worked for labor groups and anti-poverty agencies, and is writing a book about his life and times.

JORDAN BISHOP teaches at the College of Cape Breton in Nova Scotia.

ROBERT PHILLIPS' most recent book is *Moonstruck: An Anthology of Lunar Poetry* (Vanguard).

MARK TAYLOR teaches in the English Department at Manhattan College.

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I Believe in Hope

JOSE MARIA DIEZ-ALEGRIA

Doubleday, $6.95

JORDAN BISHOP

This book is an intensely personal confession of faith, written out of forty years experience as a Jesuit and a student of the social problems that face people—and the Church—today. It is a confession of faith that has its locus in the historic community that is the Catholic Church, by a man who has no intention of abandoning either his faith in Jesus Christ or the Church in which that faith has been nurtured. Yet this must be seen against the background of a rationalist apologetic, a training that "had been to establish that philosophy and the sciences of history proved with absolute certainty nothing less than the truth of the Catholic faith (!). Once this had been proven by reason and the sciences of history, a man could and should accept the faith" (p. 11).

The faith has not waned. The apologetics have been found wanting; the "true religion" is the opium of the people, the captive of what the author calls "ontological-cultic religion," the religion of the mystery cults of the Roman Empire, to the prejudice of the Judaic and New Testament tradition of "ethicoprophetic" religion. The apparatus of the Church has lost its identification with the poor and become compromised with the powers that are.

The distinction is too neat; it betrays some lack of historical perspective. The author may still in fact be looking for the "true religion," the ethicoprophetic religion, one that is not the opium of the people. This writer is more comfortable with Rahner's sinful Church than with the author's distinction of religions. In addition, he is too close to the Enlightenment identification of religion and ethics, although from his discussion of faith it is fairly obvious that his ethicoprophetic religion is something more than an ethic.

He misinterprets Marx in the process. Marx's opium of the people is not a capitalist or bourgeois conspiracy, but

We'd like to raise his allowance... to 75¢ worth of food a day.

What's happening to this boy—and thousands like him in the rural South today—is hard to believe. As a white Southern doctor reported to a U.S. Senate committee: "*Malnutrition* isn't quite what we found. The boys and girls were hungry, weak, in pain, sick —suffering from hunger and disease and, directly or indirectly, they are dying from them—which is exactly what *starvation* means."

Doesn't the government take care of that? Not quite. There's the hot lunch program in the schools . . . but in Alabama some kids only *get* to school on days when it rains too hard to work the fields. And there's the Food Stamp Program . . . but a lot of people living on fatback, field peas and biscuits never heard of it, and some that *have* just can't squeeze the cash to buy stamps out of a Mississippi welfare check that gives a widow $60 a *month* to house, clothe *and* feed four hungry children.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund was started. Through it, $10 in hard cash can be converted into as much as $170 worth of Food Stamps by a volunteer NAACP worker who goes down the back roads and dirt tracks of the 'secret South' to find and feed the starving kids that America never sees.

But they can only do the job if *you* supply the cash. Whatever you choose to give is tax-deductible. And whatever you *can* give is desperately needed. Not just by skinny kids and hungry kids. By *starving* kids.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
Dept. G1
Box 121, Radio City Station
New York, N.Y. 10019

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"the cry of the oppressed creature, the feeling of a heartless world, the spirit of an age deprived of spirit, the opium of the people." As the product of an unfulfilled demand for happiness on the part of the people, it is the creation of the people—the poor, suffering people—as an illusion of escape from a hard and cruel world.

In this context the mission of the prophet may be a thankless one not only with respect to the rich and the powerful, but with respect to the poor and the oppressed as well. Popular religion is also "ontological-cultic," and the traditional Church has in fact often identified with the poor, to the scorn of bourgeois intellectuals. The prophet may be called upon to deprive the poor of their opium, of the comfort of false religion, as some radical movements may have had greater success in fighting heroin addiction than have the police. Their success may be tied to the commitment to radical social change—to revolution. It is here that Marx and the author converge: the establishment did not invent popular religion, any more than it invented opium, but if the alternative is revolution, the establishment may feel benign towards opium peddlers.

In any event, the true religion, now defined by the author as ethicoprophetic, is likely to be a matter of élites, not only among the dominant class, but among the exploited classes as well. According to the author, the second of the two Great Commandments "sets us on the path of an ethicoprophetic religion that is not an opium of the people," but "unfortunately, this Commandment in its deeper sense has been unknown in the greatest measure both to the ancient Israelites and to Christians" p. 70).

Paul's failure to raise the issue of slavery was "beyond the concrete possibilities of the early Church in the historical and sociological situation of that time" (p. 95). The author is less kind to later churchmen; the defense of private ownership of the means of production by the modern Church has imposed a "tremendous burden" on his conscience. It is perhaps a bit much to expect more of (say) Leo XIII than of Paul, and if Paul, by "formulating radical spiritual and religious demands in the area of master-slave relations, laid the base for further progress" (p. 95), the same might be said of Leo XIII. It is an open question whether it be more utopian to expect Christian brotherhood from capitalists or slaveholders—the capitalists have been vaccinated against it by centuries of Christendom. It may be this that has been most painful to the author in his commitment to the Church and his quest for the true religion. The Church's defense of capitalism hurts him more than it does the legendary Irish millworker in Manchester, with "the crucifix on the wall and the *Daily Worker* on the table," or the Italian Catholic who votes Communist. Lay people can take the institution less seriously than clerics, and it allows them a very real, if theoretically ambiguous, freedom.

The author's brief critique of sexual morality as taught in the Church is as sound as it is moving, and much closer to Thomas Aquinas than to the legalistic catechism morality that he criticizes.

This is not a "scandalous" book. That it was the occasion of disciplinary action against the author is more scandalous than the book. Books such as this are not a danger to the faith. In the long run such critique is less dangerous than apologetics that prove too much, or the real scandal of institutions at peace with the immorality of capitalism.

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Enormous Changes at the Last Minute

GRACE PALEY

Farrar, Straus, $6.95

Selected Writings of William Goyen

WILLIAM GOYEN

Random House/Bookworks, $8.95 ($3.95 paper)

ROBERT PHILLIPS

Could two short-story writers be more dissimilar than Grace Paley and William Goyen? They seem to share nothing in common but membership in the same generation. (Both are now in their mid-50s.)

Paley creates urban characters and cityscapes; Goyen's characters are firmly rooted in the country. Paley's prose style is terse and constipated; Goyen's, rambling and loose. Paley possesses a wicked sense of humor and a tough sensibility; Goyen writes with high seriousness (except in *The Fair Sister*) and shows a quivering sensitivity. Paley's subjects have become increasingly public and socially-committed; Goyen has remained an intensely personal, private writer. Paley wants to render everything plain, pared down like a peeled potato; Goyen strives to make splendor. And not the least of their differences is Paley's Jewish background versus Goyen's overtly Christian one. To compare the two is perhaps to contrast a Malamud with a Faulkner.

Their publishing histories are also radically different. Ms. Paley's fame, until this year, has rested solely upon one slender book of stories which the public (or her publishers) refused to let go out of print. Appearing originally in 1959, *The Little Disturbances of Man* not only appeared subsequently in at least three different paperback editions—it was also reissued in a second hardback by a different publisher, in 1968. Meanwhile, Goyen's three novels and two story collections have been virtually impossible to come by. Not one of the five ever sold to

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paperback here (though they are widely distributed and sell well in English, French, and German editions abroad.) If Paley's reputation seems a bit inflated, surely Goyen's literary stock has been undervalued, and one reason simply has to be the readers' inability to lay hands on his books. So while *Enormous Changes at the Last Minute* adds, finally, a second book to the Paley canon, *Selected Writings of Wiliam Goyen* makes available once again sections from five previously published works, plus some new writing.

First, the Paley collection. It is, after waiting fifteen years, a disappointment. Whereas the stories in *The Little Disturbances of Man* were uniform in excellence, the several really fine pieces in the new collection are surrounded by much slighter stuff —extremely brief sketches which either seem to just end, or to end with a trick. Either way, they have not, somehow, been transformed into stories. This is all the more disappointing when one considers what Ms. Paley attempted in this new book, having seemingly abandoned the "little disturbances" of households in favor of tackling some of the "enormous changes" in our society today—including politics and strikes, street life and war. Yet those stories which range farthest from Ms. Paley's personal experiences are least effective. The best are the "Faith" stories—"Faith in the Afternoon," "Faith in a Tree," and "The Long-Distance Runner"—with the central character of Faith one who seemingly could move mountains, and a strong alter ego for Grace Paley. These stories, rich in detail and background, suggest fragments from a novel about Faith and her family, a novel which the author perhaps could not or chose not to finish.

What one misses most in this collection is vivid characterization. With the exception of Faith and her father, and the outrageous Mrs. Hegel-Shtein, there are no personages to complete with the likes of Shirley Abramowitz, Eddie Teitelbaum, and Charles C. Charley from the first collection. (There *is* Mrs. Raferty, the narrator in "Distance," but we have encountered her before, in the first book, in which we were given the same story, only from Virginia's point of view rather than Mrs. Raferty's.) More than one of these tales seems a retelling of the familiar Paley mishaps. The book will not do much to strengthen her reputation, but it does contain three stories which deserve to stand beside her first and best book.

If Ms. Paley is guilty of including inferior bits and pieces to pad out a second book, the opposite principle seems at work in the contents of Goyen's *Selected Writings.* How can one present a representative sampling of William Goyen's lifework in 177 pages? We assume it was the publisher (and the economics of publishing) which imposed the length restriction upon the author, who made the selections himself. The ten pieces included are all splendid, ranging from the fierce intensity of portions from *The House of Breath,* to the waspish and campy portrait of Canaan Johnson from *The Fair Sister.* All are suffused with the fire and poetry and sympathy which mark Goyen's best works. But to realize that this book is the only Goyen fiction now in print is to mourn certain omissions, works we should have liked—indeed loved—to see restored to print. For instance, from *The House of Breath* one especially misses the soliloquy of the river and the story of the marriage and water-death of Otey; from *Ghost and Flesh,* "The Letter in the Cedarchest," "Pere Perrie," and "The Grasshopper's Burden"; from *The Faces of Blood Kindred,* the marvelous novella, "A Tale of Inheritance," which would have been a stronger choice than the two shorter tales included. "The Road Runner in Woolworth's," from *In a Farther Country, is* included, but in truncated form, missing the last seven pages. Such omissions seem especially grievous when one considers the same publisher, Random House, issued a *Selected Writings of Truman Capote*

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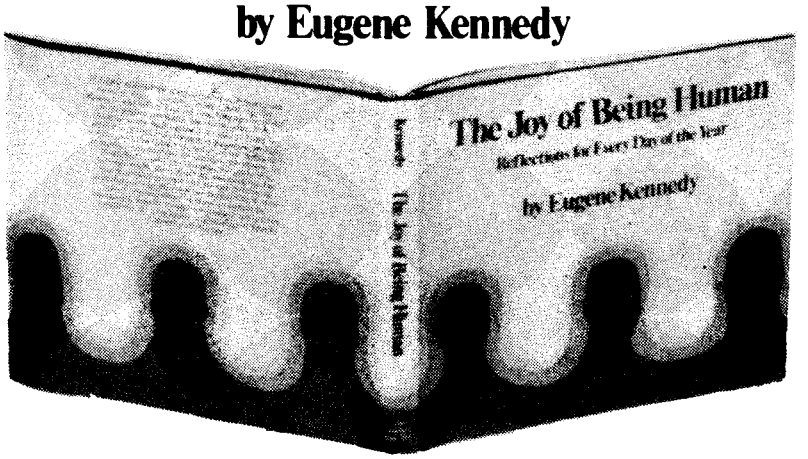

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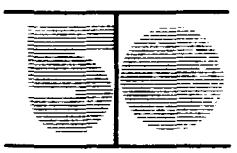
some years ago, and that author was allowed 460 pages!

What this small volume does make clear is the need for a *Collected Stories* by Mr. Goyen, a much larger book which more completely presents his considerable accomplishments in the genre. He has been, from the first, concerned with the short narrative form. Even the three novels are composed of separate stories, individual beads drawn together on a common thread. And, unlike Grace Paley, William Goyen is an artist whose work continues to grow, as evidenced by "Figure Over the Town," an admirable allegorical story about society and the individual, published here for the first time in book form (as well as by his other recent stories in *Transatlantic Review* and *Southwest Review*, omitted here). This new work reveals Goyen still has much to tell us about the spirit and the flesh. Beautifully printed, with a bibliography and a stirring short autobiographical Introduction by the author, *Selected Writings of William Goyen* deserves a place in the library of anyone who cares for highly individual literary achievement. As long as it is considered a virtue to write profound and poetic stories, Goyen should be read. We do hope his publishers will reissue the novels and make available a more generous selection of his shorter fiction.



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IN BRIEF

LAUTREAMONT, *by Wallace Fowlie, Twayne (Twayne's World Authors Series), $5.95.* Descendent of Byron and Sade, contemporary of Baudelaire and Rimbaud, parent of surrealism, hallucinatory anatomist of evil, cruelty, and sexual inversion, Isidore Duccasse—le comte de Lautrémont, as he represented himself, when his great opus *Les Chants de Maldoror* was published in 1869, a year before his death at 24—has attracted many of the best critical minds in France but has received rather little attention outside that country. Mr. Fowlie's book thus has the virtue of reminding American readers that Lautréamont is a considerable presence in literary history, but in its mechanical and heavy-handed approach to him (a defect it shares with other monographs in the Twayne series) will scarcely stimuate his general discovery here. About a quarter of Mr. Fowlie's book is given to a tedious, stanza-by-stanza outline of *Maldoror*, a procedure of dubious benefit under any circumstances and in this case distinctly unreliable. This summary of canto 2, section 4, one of the central episodes in the story, tells us of the imperviousness of the passengers of an omnibus to the cries of a small child pursuing them, and suggests, reasonably enough, that the scene shows "the anguish of the adolescent trying to discover his past, his relationship with adults, and his effort to recover from a sense of alienation." But there is not a word about the most interesting character in the scene, a young man among the passengers who, alone, does pity the child but will do nothing for him, a

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victim of moral paralysis. Fortunately, one needs neither French nor a plot outline to get fairly close to *Maldoror,* for there are at least two good editions available in English (published by New Directions and Crowell)—a fact oddly not noted in Mr. Fowlie's bibliography.

MARK TAYLOR

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Michael Novak (Cont.)

tinguish between the physical combat of football and the verbal violence the educated practice—the destruction of repuations, personal dignity, and good will; the verbal exaggeration of self-pity, poverty of soul, and narrowness so common among our writers and professors.

They think they are helping women by attacking football. But women could well use some of the experiences football yields. Billie Jean King and other women athletes are no less "humanized" because they love the challenge of competition and the struggle against themselves their sports entail. Besides, there is a basic difference between a competition which is ultimately a competition against oneself—as most sports provide—and a competition whose point is merely coming out ahead of others, as capitalism provides. That is why record-keeping is so important an element in sports—one is ultimately competing against one's own performances.

To attack football—or even the principle of excellence—is not to help the cause of women. Enough damaging rhetoric is already current. It does not help women to encourage them to tell the boys to be good little boys—and to imagine women as good little girls. The women in America at present most concerned about their own expression—subscribers to *Ms.* magazine, for example—are in fact high up in the top one-percent among the Earth's most affluent, highly educated, leisured and privileged class.

It is not their "oppression" they seem actually to be protesting. Rather, they seek further burdens, extended responsibilities, higher risks, greater possibilities of pain and failure. They resist immaturity, an absence of heroic models, and a low self-esteem. Football was invented to provide some correctives for these deficiencies among men.

Women are not treated in America as the equals of men. Much can be done to improve their lot. But "equal" is a tricky ideal. Women tend in many ways to be superior to men; men tend to be superior in others. Let women invent their own equivalent to football, suited to their natures and their aspirations. After all, football itself was only recently invented. For all its faults, it has won the gratitude of millions.

For many men love football very much. While the Superbowl turns out to be a dud, the playoff games are (usually) almost perfect enactments of comradeship, team unity, split-second execution, and most intense physical confrontation— they are as lovely a communal art as humans have ever invented; precise, difficult to achieve, thrilling both to exercise and to observe. Football is not the whole truth about human life. But as a corrective to the emotional falsity of bureaucracies and women-dominated institutions, to false ideals that deny the physicality of human nature, and to lassitude of body and will, football is a humble saving grace, a joy to millions.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 99)

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